

THE LEISURE HOUR

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"BETHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



MR. FALCONER DISCOVERS WIDOW TOZER AND HER SON MARMADUKE.

GEORGE BURLEY;

HIS HISTORY, EXPERIENCES, AND OBSERVATIONS.

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CHAPTER XIV.—AN UNEXPECTED MEETING, AN UNWILLING RECOGNITION, AND DIVERS EXPLANATIONS.

"A VERY great liberty to meddle with my blinds, sir," was the first salutation of the female in nankeen, whom I took to be the lady Julia's housekeeper; and she glared angrily at my companion through her green spectacles, as she drew down the blind with a jerk.

Mr. Falconer bowed low, and remained silent, looking curiously, as I thought, at the speaker.

"I presume you are the person who sent in a hand-bill last week about pills, and powders, and salves," continued the lady, still speaking sharply: "now I may as well tell you at once that I don't want any of your foreign pills, or powders, or salves. I employ a regular surgeon and apothecary when I am unwell; and I never encourage quack medicine-venders—poisoners I might call them—either English or French."

I ventured to look up into Mr. Falconer's face as the supposed housekeeper brought this exordium to a close; but I speedily withdrew my glance. The expression on that gentleman's countenance was so irresistibly comic, that

in another moment my gravity would have been entirely upset. The idea of his being mistaken for a travelling quack doctor was so preposterously funny, that it was as much as I could do to forbear laughing outright, though I bit my lips fiercely, and cast my eyes down on the carpet. Unfortunately, my internal merriment was not so completely subdued as to escape notice; for, before my companion could reply to the injurious suspicion, I felt that the green spectacles were turned upon me, and I heard myself addressed as "a very rude boy," and called upon to say whether it was a proper thing to come into a lady's house for the purpose of making game of her. Mr. Falconer saved me the trouble of answering the question.

"You must excuse and pardon my young friend for unintentionally offending you, madam," he said, very politely. "The truth is," added he, "the young gentleman is a little amused, I see, by a very natural mistake into which you have fallen; for I beg to assure you, madam, that I am not a quack doctor, nor have I any connection with pills, powders, and salves, of either home or foreign manufacture."

It might have been my fancy, but I certainly thought the lady seemed somewhat startled when Mr. Falconer spoke. She was, perhaps, struck with the proof that so outlandish a looking personage should speak English so perfectly. At any rate, for one moment she appeared to be taken aback; but she instantly recovered herself.

"Oh, indeed!" she said, in a slightly subdued tone. "I thought, from your appearance and dress, that you must be the Monsieur le Grand, or some such name——"

"Very far from it, I assure you, madam," returned Mr. Falconer, quickly, and bowing low again.

"Oh, indeed!" repeated the lady. "May I ask, then, who you are, and what has procured me the honour of a call? In general, sir," she added, "I do not admit strangers into my house."

This was not very sweetly spoken; but there was less acerbity in it than in her former manner, and there was also an air of rather severe dignity, which did not sit at all unbecomingly on the elderly lady. But I was rather puzzled. I had been so certain that this person was merely the housekeeper of the lady we had travelled so far to see, that it surprised me to hear her speak of her house, and the honour of a call upon her. I had not exactly forgotten what Mr. Falconer had said about the lady being not very well off; but I certainly imagined that a housekeeper and the small servant I had seen formed a sufficiently limited establishment for the rather genteel house in which I found myself. Wondering, therefore, that a housekeeper should be permitted to speak of her mistress's house as her own, I looked once more towards Mr. Falconer, watching for his reply. It was long in coming, for he was evidently embarrassed; and when at length he spoke, it was in so altered a tone that I should not have believed it to be his, if I had not seen the movement of his lips.

"Am I so much a stranger, then?" he asked. "Am I so changed that you do not recognise me, Julia?"

A faint, involuntary cry escaped from the lady, as though she were suddenly and wonderfully astonished. Yet, however great her surprise, it could not surpass mine. This, then, was the lady whose fancy-portrait I had not long since heard described, and who was so fondly remembered by her old friend of thirty years ago! But where was the soft and gentle voice? where the engaging manner? Where were the ruby lips, and dimpled chin, and dove-like eyes, and auburn locks? And where, oh, where was the sweet temper of which I

had heard? Had they ever been? Or had they existed only in the fervent imagination of the former admirer?

I looked again at the lady. Evidently a strong effort was required, but it had been made; and she now stood very firm, though her face was rather turned away from her visitor, and a pale blush mantled on her cheeks.

"May I beg you to explain, sir?" she said, not angrily, nor severely, but still with sufficient energy, which seemed to imply, "Here I am, on my own ground, and beneath my own roof; and I can hold my own against all comers, and I will." Bear in mind, the lady expressed this only by her looks and bearing: she said, "May I beg you to explain, sir?" and added, more hesitatingly, "You will, perhaps, be kind enough to be seated."

"Not while you stand, dear madam," returned Mr. Falconer; and then, with an old-fashioned, formal politeness, which very well became him, he moved forward a step or two, and led the lady to a chair; to which act of courtesy she yielded as though under some powerful constraint. Then the gentleman seated himself. I noticed, however, that, whether by accident or design, he placed himself with his back to the darkened window, so that his countenance was almost lost in the shade, while the obscure light which entered the room was cast full upon the lady's face.

"You ask me to explain, madam. Is it needful?" Mr. Falconer put the question rather tenderly, as I now remember.

"Yes, it is, sir," she replied. "I—I do not even know who you are. You refused to send in your name, sir; and, until you enlighten me on that point, you are a stranger. I may guess, but I do not know."

I could not see whether or not Mr. Falconer smiled; I fancy he did, however, as he replied, "You are perfectly correct, Julia. As a point of strict etiquette, I should have told your servant at once that my name is Falconer—the Jack Falconer whom you once knew."

"It is so, then," said the lady, apparently but little moved. ("She never was fond of him, however fond he was of her," was my inward thought.) "It is so, then. I fancied as much, not when I first saw you, but afterwards. You must excuse my not instantly recognising you, Mr. Falconer: you are much changed."

"Time, and thought, and experience, and——"

"Say trouble and sorrow if you were thinking so," interposed the lady, when she found that her visitor hesitated. "Or, as I am used to plain truths, shall I say the words for you? Yes; time, and thought, and experience, and trouble, and sorrow change us all. I am changed from what I once was. Do not hesitate to say so, Mr. Falconer: it will be honest."

"My dear cousin——"

"Thank you, Mr. Falconer, for that word," said the lady, quickly; "at least it sounds better than the 'Julia,' as between us two. And without any further compliments, which would sound strangely from my lips, at least, let me apologize for the unhappy mistake I made just now. My very stupid maid—the only servant I have, cousin—told me that my visitor was a Jew, or a foreigner, and I jumped at the conclusion which betrayed me into my hasty expressions. Pray forgive me."

"There is no need to urge even an excuse. If a man will set nature against fashion," said he, passing his hand lightly over his flowing beard, "he must be prepared to put up with the results. At all events, it would have been strange if you had at first known me in this disguise, as I suppose I must call it. But you ask

me to explain: is there anything further that needs my explanation, my dear cousin?"

"Yes, there is," said the lady, almost repeating her former words, and in the same tone. "I think you ought to explain why, after so many years, you have thought it worth your trouble to seek me out. It is not like you, Mr. Falconer, and I can scarcely believe that your object is to see, with your own eyes, the consequences of my former folly and credulity, and to exult over my downfall; and yet—"

The lady paused here. The strong restraint she had placed upon her feelings was probably in danger of giving way; and she would not yield. It was plain to me then, boy as I was, that she was acting a part, unnaturally, as in some extraordinary drama, which in her heart she scorned. Knowing what I now know, I am convinced that, but for her stern pride, she would have been glad to have bent down before the man she had so long ago injured, and bathed the hand she longed to clasp with her tears. As it was, however, her eyes were dry, and her voice was hard and resolute.

"Is it not enough, cousin Julia," asked Mr. Falconer, reverting to her demand for an explanation, "that I am here by your own express invitation? Be assured, when I determined to advertise for my poor cousin Frank, not knowing whether he were living or dead, I had no intention of personally intruding myself upon you till your reply opened the way, as I hoped, for our—our reconciliation, or at least for our obliteration of so much of the past as is painful for us, or painful for me, to remember. You surely will accept this as my explanation for this visit, which I fear is less welcome than I trusted it would be?"

"You speak enigmas, Mr. Falconer," returned the lady, with more agitation than she had hitherto shown, and as she spoke she passed her hand wearily over her brow. "I know nothing of the advertisement of which you speak; it is impossible, therefore, that I could have replied to it. There must be some strange mistake."

Mr. Falconer hastily unclasped his pocket-book, and handed to the lady the letter he had received in the previous week.

"And you believed that I wrote this?" she exclaimed, sorrowfully, and with a flushed countenance, when she had glanced at its contents. "But of course you did—why should I ask? Oh, Mr. Falconer, what must you have thought of me?"

"You did not write it, then?" said he, eagerly, and avoiding her closing question.

"I did not write it. I could not have written it. I have seen no advertisement. How could I? I never see a newspaper, Mr. Falconer."

"I am heartily glad you did not write it, Julia," said the gentleman. "I am more pleased than I can express to know that you disavow it. May I hope that the statements it contains are as untrue as the sentiments are feigned, as untrue as that the signature is a forgery?"

"I do not say that, sir. The letter is evidently that of a gossiping mischief-maker, or of a practical joker, who knows enough of my past history and present circumstances to give a colouring of truth and candour to the whole. The statements are, for the most part, true, Mr. Falconer. My husband has been ten years dead: my elder children are dead; they were daughters, and they all died in infancy, as the letter states. I have one son living: he was an infant when his father died. All this is correctly written, as though I had dictated it."

"But the other statements are malicious slanders? Tell me that they are so, cousin, and it will make me

happier than I have been for many a day," said Mr. Falconer, very earnestly, and bending forward as though the welcome reply would reach him the sooner for this attitude.

The lady hesitated a moment; and I may remark here that during the later portion of this singular interview her manner had considerably softened. I do not mean that it manifested much cordiality; at any rate, it was constrained; but it was no longer defiant. Evidently, too, her feelings were touched, especially when she referred to the deaths of her infants; and she had taken off and laid aside her green spectacles, very much to the improvement of her countenance, which, but for the odious head-dress she wore, would not have seemed uncomely for an elderly female. All this I had time to note before she spoke again, to the following effect:—

"There is a great deal of truth in all that is set down in this extraordinary letter. I spoke just now of my former folly and credulity, and of my present downfall; and I do not recall the words. Oh, Mr. Falconer, I was cruelly deceived! I was made to believe, by your own friend—the bosom friend whom you introduced to me—that you were unworthy of any woman who had a regard for her own character and happiness; that you were a libertine, that your property had been squandered in vice, and that you were on the brink of ruin—"

"Stay! Did Frank Tozer, my cousin Frank, tell you this?" Mr. Falconer asked.

"He told me this and more; but I will not pain you and humble myself by repeating all his falsehoods, which he followed up by offering to deliver me from the snare into which I had fallen."

A deep groan burst from Mr. Falconer. "Do not say more on this subject, I entreat you. Oh, Frank, Frank! And yet I loved him!"

"I will not say more than is necessary, now that we have met," said the lady, sorrowfully, yet still preserving a composure so great as to prove how severely she had trained herself to endure. "I will only add to this part of my explanation—for it is I who must now explain—that I was bewitched, I think, by the man who made me his dupe. He was handsome, you know, and plausible; and I was fickle. It is an old story, Mr. Falconer: it has been told over and over again before you and I were born, and will be repeated after we are dead. 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.' Well, I was deceived by my own heart; and that man (your friend, mind) persuaded me that he loved me. You know what followed."

"Yes, I know what followed." The words escaped mechanically and dreamily from my poor friend's lips.

"After we were married," continued the lady, "and my husband had secured to himself the miserable fortune which had lured him on, and we had left London, and I was so bound to him that I was helpless for myself, then he came out in his true colours. He told me how he had deceived me, not humbly and penitently—if he had done this, I could have forgiven him, for I loved him—but he told me of it boastfully, and said that my money was all he cared for. Then my misery began."

"Do not say more, my poor Julia," exclaimed Mr. Falconer in a broken voice, while tears ran down his cheeks unchecked. "If I had known—if I had only known this!"

"What could you have done? What could any one do? As I had made my bed, so must I have lain on it to the bitter end. It was best that my misery should be unknown; best that our new neighbours around should look upon me with contempt, as they soon learned to do, because he who should have vindicated my fair

fame traduced me, and he who should have protected me broke down my spirits by his brute violence."

"Did he dare—?"

"He dared more than I have the heart to tell," she replied; "judge, then, whether I could have written with the wicked levity that letter betrays."

"You could not. I ask your forgiveness, dear cousin, for believing, for one moment, that it was written by you. But there are other circumstances mentioned: have they a foundation for truth?"

"That my husband's purchase of a practice in the country was a false report which he himself set about? Yes, that is true. That we came to this place, and that, having bought this house with a part of my money, we lived on the interest of the remainder, one half of which he squandered? Yes, this is true. That my husband sank into habits of intemperance as well as of idleness? Yes, this also is true. And it is true that I bore this, as I best might, for twenty years. What more would you have, or need I tell, Mr. Falconer?"

"Nothing; nothing. My poor Julia!"

"You ought not to pity me, sir: I ask no pity," continued the strange lady. "It is written that 'whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap;' and this is as true of woman as of man. I have sown, and have reaped. I hope this will be remembered at last."

I did not then know what the poor lady meant by being "remembered at last." I fear now, however, that she intended to express a hope that her sufferings in this life, and her proud submission under them, would be accepted by God as a sufficient compensation for the misdeeds of a whole life. She meant, I think, "If I have sinned, have I not been punished here? And what more can the righteous Judge demand?" And so the unhappy woman would have discarded the thought of "repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ," as Methodistical and absurd; forgetting, or being wilfully ignorant of the fact, that there is no remedy for sin but that which is to be found in the bleeding wounds of a dying, and implicit trust in a risen, exalted, and pleading Saviour; no escape from eternal ruin for sinners but that which is indicated to us by a tender, compassionate, and fatherly, yet a just and righteous God, when He proclaims, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else;" no comfort and happiness to be found like that which Christ promises when he says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me. . . . For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

Shall I ask my reader's pardon for introducing into this light history matters of such weighty importance as the salvation of the soul? No, I will not. Nor should the pen which now writes ever again touch paper if it might not indite now and then a word for "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." Must the preaching of that gospel be "cribbed, cabined, and confined" within the wooden panels of the pulpit, or tolerated no further than the platform, forsooth?

CHAPTER XV.—I AM INTRODUCED TO MASTER MARMADUKE TOZER, AND MAKE HIS ACQUAINTANCE.

It is indicative of the absorbing interest felt by the two interlocutors of the preceding dialogue in the subject-matter of their communications, that the presence of a third person had so long been overlooked. On arriving, however, at the part of the conversation where I have broken off, the lady, attracted, perhaps, by some involuntary movement on my part, turned sharply, as I

thought, towards me, and, after fixing her keen eyes on me (for they were keen when detached from her green spectacles, which I afterwards learned she wore as "preservers," and not because of any positive defect in her vision), spoke a few words to Mr. Falconer, in so low a tone that their import escaped me.

"No, no," he said, quickly; "I am not so happy. Even you have the advantage of me there. The grandson of a very good friend of mine—an orphan."

"Is it needful that he should have heard the story of my degradation?" she asked, more angrily than she had spoken since the commencement of the interview.

"I forgot that he was here," said my friend, humbly and deprecatingly; adding, "but George Burley is discreet, and will not betray confidence.* And I had a reason for making him the companion of my visit. Referring to the forged letter which I took to be genuine, I expected a warmer welcome than otherwise I should have dared hope for—"

"And you wished to have a check against imprudence, in the presence of a witness," interposed the lady, with a bitter smile. "Well, you have found out your error, Mr. Falconer, and I trust your heart will not be quite broken."

"You mistake me, my dear cousin," rejoined the gentleman. "The truth is, I have taken an interest in this boy; and there are few left for me to love. You also have one dear tie, at least, to bind you down to earthly affections—"

"What do you mean, Mr. Falconer?" demanded the lady, impatiently.

"You have a son."

"Oh, true: yes, Marmaduke is my son, of course; and he is, as you say, dear to me. Well?"

"And I hoped, and do hope, that he will be dear to me also. 'Not to the diminution of my affection for this young friend;' and he laid his broad hand with much kindness on my head, for I had ventured to steal to his side; "but I think my heart is large enough yet to contain two friends, at least."

"I think it is; I am sure it is, Mr. Falconer." This was spoken with more cordiality than the lady had before shown, and with some softened feelings too; for I saw that, for the first time in this extraordinary scene, her eyes were moistened with tears.

"And therefore," continued Mr. Falconer, "I wish to unite, if possible, these two friends of mine in one common bond of union. At least, I hoped it might be so; and I ask now that they may be made known to each other. It may be that a friendship thus formed may be useful to them both hereafter. Have I your consent, Julia?"

"It is a strange request; stranger than all to come from you," replied the lady. "How do we know that a friendship thus formed may not be anything rather than useful? You have had experience enough of boy-friendships, I should have thought. But it shall be as you please," she presently added, after once more fixing her eyes on me, and scanning me very closely, as I thought.

She rang a small hand-bell which she reached from the mantelpiece; and, at the summons, the little servant made her appearance. Her eyes were still red; I noticed that; and I observed also that a broad red mark extended from her left cheek, and culminated on the ear on that side of her face. She was quite composed, however.

* I hope I shall not be accused of betraying confidence now. So many, many years have passed since the events I am now recording took place, and of whom I have so far written have been so long dead, that no interests can be injured nor feelings wounded by these late disclosures.

"Tell Marmaduke that I wish to see him here," said Marmaduke's mother; and the servant retired. A minute or two afterwards the door again opened, and admitted a very handsome boy, somewhat taller than myself, with a fair complexion and light brown hair which curled naturally over his forehead. He seemed amazingly shy; for he halted at the threshold, and looked down upon the floor.

"Come here, Marmaduke." There was not much fondness in the mother's tone, I thought.

The boy obeyed; slowly, however, and not lifting his eyes.

"This gentleman," said the lady, making a gesture towards Mr. Falconer, "wishes to see you. You may speak to him."

"I am glad to see you, sir," said the boy, in a subdued whisper. He might have been glad, but he did not seem so. He was neither glad nor sorry, I dare say; but he cast a furtive glance at the door, I thought, as though anxious to assure himself that a way of escape was left open for him. He advanced, however, to Mr. Falconer, and offered his hand.

I have never forgotten the look of peculiar benevolence, combined with penetrating examination, with which the gentleman regarded the shy boy as he held his hand, nor the soft and gentle tones in which he said—

"And I am glad to see you, Marmaduke—dear Marmaduke."

I do not know that the lady was jealous of this loving kindness; I do not see how she could have been, seeing how she had, throughout the previous interview, repressed as far as she could all Mr. Falconer's manifestations of tenderness towards herself. She was evidently impatient, however, and interposed between her son and her visitor.

"You see Marmaduke," she said: "do you wish now that any acquaintance should be made between the two boys? I do not see why there should," she added; "but it shall be as you please."

"I do still wish it, the more now that I have seen your son," he replied.

"Marmaduke," continued the lady, turning to her boy, "you may take this young gentleman with you into the garden; but remember—"

What Marmaduke was to remember was not said, nor does it signify. I have only to report that my new acquaintance walked out of the room with a downcast countenance, and that I followed him on receiving a silent hint from Mr. Falconer.

I had not known much of children at any period of my life. The seclusion of the large old house in Silver Square, and my grandfather's solitary life, together with Betsy Miller's objection to my making friends with London boys, had shut me out, in a great measure, from juvenile companionship. At the same time there were two or three boys in the Square of whom I had some knowledge, and with whom I was permitted occasionally to consort. I knew something of their ways, therefore, and (by observation) of the ways of London boys in general. But, of all the boys I had ever seen or of whom I had ever heard, Marmaduke was surely the most strange. With a slow, solemn, and mournful step, he conducted, or rather preceded me through a long passage which led to a small parlour, opening by glass doors into a moderate-sized garden. He spoke no word to me, scarcely looked at me, certainly did not once look me in the face, but walked gloomily to the end of a broad gravel path which extended the whole length of the garden; then he turned and paced back again to the glass doors, I keeping close to his side, and waiting to

be spoken to, as a point of politeness, as I thought. In the same melancholy fashion we retraced our steps, only varying the monotony by branching off into two or three cross-paths which separated one garden bed from its neighbour. At length, tired of this dumb companionship, I plucked up courage to speak; and the following dialogue ensued:—

"Your name is Marmaduke, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Marmaduke Tozer, isn't it?" I knew this, for I had heard the name mentioned by Mr. Falconer at the blacksmith's shop, when he asked directions to the lady's house.

"Yes."

"Isn't it a funny name?" I asked, forgetting politeness.

"Yes, I suppose it is."

"My name is George Burley, but they call me Hurly Burly as often as the other," said I, volunteering information which my new acquaintance had not sought.

"Oh!"

"That's a funny name, too; isn't it?"

"Yes—no, not that I know of," said Marmaduke, reddening.

"What's your servant's name?" I asked, seeing that, like one of the cross-paths we were traversing, my former inquiries led to nowhere.

"Marianne."

"What else?"

"Bolster."

"Marianne Bolster! Why, that's the funniest name of all. I say, Marmaduke—"

"What say, George?"

"Come," thought I, "this is a little improvement."

"Do you ever play at anything?" I asked.

"Not much."

"Perhaps you have not got anybody to play with?"

"Nobody but Marianne. I play with her sometimes, when my mother lets me."

"Oh, dear!" thought I again, "what shall I say next? Oh, I know."

"This is a nice garden."

"I hate it!" exclaimed Marmaduke, so energetically that I turned on him with surprise, and saw that he was very near crying.

"Hate it! Why, that's the funniest thing of all," said I. "Now, if my grandfather had a garden like this in London, I should love it, I know. Wouldn't I have some of those nice-looking apples?" I added, with much gusto, as we were passing a dwarf apple-tree laden with nearly ripe fruit.

"Not if you got paid out for meddling with them," said Marmaduke, reddening, and walking quickly on.

"Paid out?"

"Like this," said he; and he bared his arm to the shoulder.

I understood it all now. Those marks that I saw there let me into the secret of my new companion's timidity. The moving, guiding principle in the boy's training had been fear—not love.

A GRESHAM LECTURE.

ON a warm forenoon in term-time I find myself in the City, with the business which brought me thither delayed for two or three hours by the unpunctuality of another. What shall I do with myself in the interim? how pass away the time till two o'clock shall have struck? It is too hot to be promenading the streets and reviewing

the shop-windows in the sun: the east winds have gone away along with the panic, and the rise of temperature brought up by the southern breezes is far more oppressive than it would be were it not so sudden. While I am undecided what to do, or whether I shall do anything, a stranger comes along and asks me the way to Gresham Street; and, as I point with my hand in the direction he will have to take, I recall to recollection an advertisement in yesterday's morning paper, which announced the fact that the Gresham Lectures are now in course of daily delivery. The first lecture, which is to be given in Latin, I remember, begins at twelve. Suppose I go and hear it: how much of it should I understand, I wonder? It is more than eleven years since I heard a discourse in the Latin language, and then it was delivered by a Franco-Hibernian priest in a French college; and it is some forty-five years since portly Doctor Jamieson, who birched me through a slender course of the classics in my youthful days, had me for an admiring auditor at his weekly prelections. Ah, those old days! and the good old Doctor, with his nervous horror of a false quantity! How he rises again to my mind's eye—swaying himself, like a pine in a gust of wind, majestically backwards and forwards at the head of the class, while the sonorous hexameters thunder from his lips with a cadence too portentous to be quite delightful to us youngsters who hear and tremble! How the ring of the strong clear voice comes back again to my mind's ear, though thirty years and more have gone since the grave closed over the learned dominie!

While musing on these reminiscences, I have been gravitating involuntarily towards Gresham College, with the intention—though I have hardly acknowledged it to myself—of being present at the Latin lecture. I find, on consulting the placard at the entrance of the noble building, that the subject for this morning is "Physic;" and, on consulting my watch, I see that in about two minutes the lecture will begin. A beadle-looking functionary, in a gold-bordered cloak and mitigated cocked hat, also bountifully gilt, and supporting himself on his staff of office, stands at the left of the entrance, at the head of the steps; and of him I inquire the way to the lecture-room. He points to the broad staircase on the right, and assures me that I cannot miss my way. I have some rising doubts, seeing that, though the lecture is just about to begin, there is no influx of auditors at this critical moment, whether the "humanities" are much in vogue in the City just now. But I check these doubts as unworthy ones, and hasten onwards, feeling it to be more probable that the audience is already assembled. I confess to being thoroughly taken aback on entering the theatre, and beholding ample accommodation for five hundred persons, to find it totally empty. Surely I must have missed my way, after all. So I go back and question the golden-robed guardian again. "Is there not to be a Latin lecture this morning?" "Oh, yes, sir, certainly." "When does it begin?" "Well, sir, the time is twelve o'clock." "But it is twelve now." "Is it, sir?" (looking at his watch). "Yes, so it is." "And when will the audience assemble, then?" "Ah, that's what I can't tell you, sir. If nobody comes to hear, of course there won't be any lecture delivered: where's the use? But you see, sir, the lecture is here, all ready, according to advertisement: if folks don't come to hear it, you know, that's their fault, not ours."

I begin now to perceive what is the state of affairs, and, not quite unprepared for the result, I ask when the last Latin lecture was delivered here. The good

man is rather puzzled at this question, and, posing his cocked hat in a contemplative attitude, seems endeavouring to recall the time, but is apparently not successful. He does not commit himself, or his college, however, but skilfully turns my flank by assuring me that, if I really wish to hear the Professors' Latin orations, all I have to do is to come any day at the appointed time, and bring an audience with me—half-a-dozen persons will do, he tells me—and as sure as they come, the entertainment will be ready for them. I find, on inquiry elsewhere, that this is perfectly true: it is never the default of the Professors, but of the public, that the Latin lectures are suffered to fall into abeyance, and may be said no longer to exist, save in the published programmes. Not very long ago—it may be a year or two—an eager student did actually resort to the plan suggested above: he brought his audience with him, and arranged them in order upon the front seats to the number of five; so that the Professor whose turn it was that day had to be unearthed, and to put in an appearance; when, it is said, the lecture came off to the satisfaction of all parties.

The Latin lecture which I came to hear being thus consummated with a *caret*, I am not disposed altogether to nullify my visit to the College, and therefore make up my mind to reap the benefit of the English one, which is advertised for an hour later. I find hospitable reception meanwhile in a neighbouring luncheon-house, and at about five minutes to one o'clock am again ascending the theatre stairs. Again, to my dismay, it is a spectacle of empty benches that meets my view: not a soul is present. There is the lecturer's desk, and there are seven-and-twenty benches rising one above another; outside are the placards: Learning lifts up her voice in the streets where the dense multitude are moiling eagerly for gain; but nobody cares to accept the intellectual riches offered gratuitously to all. I am about giving it up as a bad job, when a perspiring subject, in corduroys and heavy iron-heeled bluchers, and redolent of a somewhat fish-like fragrance, stumps ponderously up the stone stairs, and, entering, throws an approving glance round the empty arena. He is satisfied, and expresses his satisfaction in language not exactly Ciceronian, as he growls to himself, half aloud, "This 'ere is a stunnin' crib for a cooler!" and, after wiping the perspiration from his broad face with a blue cotton handkerchief, deposits himself in an angle of the wall at the farthest possible distance from the lecturer's desk, and, laying his legs along on the seat, arranges himself for a nap. The man looks like a fellowship-porter from Billingsgate, wearied out with hard work, commenced before the dawn; and I am wondering whether the College is his regular dormitory, when two more persons enter and take their seats; so that by this time, altogether, the audience numbers no less than four, which the next minute is increased to five by the advent of a youth of tender age.

At this moment the door at the back of the stage, or platform, is thrown open, and the lecturer, in his black gown, is ushered in by our friend of the gold-bordered robes. No time is now lost: with a courteous bow to his select audience, the Professor plunges in *medias res*, taking up the thread of his historical narrative at the point where he had dropped it at his last appearance. In language terse and scholarly, he goes on with a carefully-compiled history of the rise and progress of medical science, and of the worthies who figured as students or professors from about the middle of the fourteenth century downwards. I am as close to the speaker as it is possible to approach, but I fail to catch a full half of

his utterances, owing partly to the rumbling of carriages in the streets, which is here much too plainly audible, and partly to the rumbling of the fish-porter's nose in the corner, far behind my back, which at times swells into an alarming trumpet-like snort, and only dies away to begin anew. Still I hear sufficient to interest me, and to make me wish to hear more. I pick up short biographical notices of Villanova, Arnold, Raymond Lully, Richard the Englishman, and others their contemporaries, known in connection with the science of astrology as well as of medicine. Then comes a rather amusing account of Basil Valentine and his invention of antimony, which he introduced as a medicinal agent. He tried it first, the lecturer tells us, on a number of very lean pigs, with whom it answered so well that they fattened amazingly; but, trying it on some poor monks who were also deplorably lean, instead of fattening them, it killed them, and they, by their death, had the honour of furnishing a name, *antimoine* (monk's bane), for the medicine. Then comes a kind of episode of the conquest of Constantinople by the Mohammedans, the dispersion of the treasures of literature, and the consequent revival of learning, and of medicine as one branch of it, throughout Europe. Other illustrative topics are the discovery of printing, the spread of maritime enterprise, and contemporaneous advance in the arts of civilization.

By this time nearly half of our audience have had enough, and they do not care what clatter they make in clambering out over the benches. When I again catch the sense of the speaker's words, he is relating the history of the monasteries in connection with medicine, showing how they were the only hospitals available to the sick poor in their day. Then comes an interesting account of the lazar-houses, and the disease of leprosy, recounting the circumstances of its spread from the Eastern to the Western nations. The origin of the Knights Hospitallers is another interesting theme; and again another is the diffusion of medical knowledge by means of Universities all over Europe. We are reminded that in England the study of medicine and its scientific practice received almost a fatal blow in the suppression of the religious houses; and that this event was followed by the rise of quackery and imposture of all kinds, and the combination of sorcery and conjuring tricks with so-called medical treatment. At this part of his theme the lecturer came to a rather sudden close, referring us for the further consideration of the subject to a future opportunity. He did not conclude, however, before our snoring friend had woke up, and, doubtless finding himself sufficiently cooled and refreshed, had quietly beaten a retreat. The remainder of the audience (two of us) dispersed in an orderly manner; and thus the business of the day came to a termination. For my own part, I could not help regretting that a lecture so carefully prepared, and abounding in good solid material, should have been so absurdly thrown away upon a congregation of empty benches. Delivered as it might have been delivered, and as it probably would have been had a numerous and appreciative audience been present, it would have diffused a liberal amount of instruction of a kind which is familiar only to reading men, and not easily accessible to others, while it would be acceptable to all.

I wonder whether there is anything peculiar in the Gresham endowment which compels the perpetuation of this very bad economy; or whether it is not possible, without contravening the designs of the founder, for the trustees to devise some means by which the knowledge and classical learning of the salaried Professors may be rendered conducive to the popular advantage.

ZOOLOGICAL NOTES.

BY J. K. LORD, F.R.S.

THE AILANTHUS SILKWORM (*Bombyx cynthia*).

II.

THE ailanthus moth is so called from the tree on which it usually feeds, the *Ailanthus glandulosa*. This tree was once known as the "Vernis du Japon," or varnish-tree of Japan, a name given to it by its introducer into Europe in 1751, the Abbé Incarville. The ailanthus-tree is extremely hardy, and, according to Lady Dorothy Neville, "it will thrive on calcareous, ferruginous, sandy, clay, arid, and strong soils." Like the sumac, which it resembles, it throws out suckers from the roots: from these propagation is easy.

The ailanthus-worm is indigenous to the temperate regions of China, and was, I believe, first introduced into this country by Lady Dorothy Neville. Its appearance in Europe is due to a Piedmontese missionary, the Abbé Fantoni, who was residing in the province of Hang-Tung. He, it seems, sent several living cocoons, in the year 1856, to some friends of his in Turin. These pupæ yielded moths in the middle of June in the following year; the eggs were subsequently hatched, and it was found the new silkworms fed greedily on the leaves of the ailanthus; and thus the moths soon multiplied, eggs were transmitted to France, and the larvæ of *B. cynthia* are rapidly replacing the mulberry-worms.

To Lady Neville also belongs the credit of cultivating this silkworm, for the first time in England, in the open air, but protected by nets or a canvas covering. To Dr. Wallace, of Colchester, is due the credit of a most successful attempt to cultivate the ailanthus-worms on the ailanthus-tree, without any protection whatever. I purposely, as I have before said, visited the Doctor and his ailanthus plantation, in order that I might witness what had been done towards cultivating this silkworm on trees unprotected. By the side of the railway he has planted 3000 ailanthus-trees, which are cut down to a height of about two and a half to three feet. Here and there are planted rows of Jerusalem artichokes, for the purpose of intercepting the currents of air, or breaking the force of a breeze of wind. A few ailanthus-trees are also placed on the sloping bank of the Great Eastern Railway. This plantation is the grand feeding-ground for the silkworms after they are transferred from the nursery, which is in the garden near the Doctor's house, the larger plantation being quite two miles away. In this nursery last year Dr. Wallace distributed nearly 19,000 eggs, which were laid some time in July. The way the eggs are collected is most simple and effective. The moths are placed in cylinders made of perforated zinc, and the eggs are jammed by the moths when laying into the holes, from which they are easily brushed off. Placed on bibulous paper under glass shades, in from twelve to fourteen days, according to the temperature, the eggs hatch. The baby-worms are then placed on boards, with holes for the stems of either leaves or branches to pass through into water to keep them fresh. When large enough, the little spinners are swung in paper hammocks to the leaves of the trees in the nursery; and once on the trees, they feed and grow rapidly. Their next change is from the nursery to the plantation. The young worms, carefully picked from off the trees in the garden, are carried by a boy, and distributed over the trees in the large plantation, or ailanthery. From these trees, the Doctor informed me, he gathered over 5000 cocoons in September.

Two broods in ordinary summers can be calculated on each year. Dr. Wallace states that his first brood,

563 moths, made their appearance between the 22nd of May and the 27th of July: of these, 230 fertile couples were obtained. The females laid their eggs between the 24th of May and the end of July, in number 37,000. From these eggs the first larvæ emerged on the 11th June, spun in July, and came out again as moths in August. The second brood laid their eggs in August, and the worms appeared near the end of September: these, of course, remain in the pupa state during the winter, and the moths should appear in July. Lady Neville says her second brood were all in cocoon in September.

A friend of Dr. Wallace's residing in Suffolk obtained 470 cocoons out of doors (without adopting any precaution to protect the worms) from 1700 eggs.

As the cocoons are not injured by the moths when escaping from them, there is no necessity to murder the pupæ in order to save the silk; hence a far greater number of eggs are obtained from the aïlanthus than from the common silkworm. This, in itself, is a great advantage to the breeder in point of profit. I saw the eggs, which are at least twice the size of those of the mulberry-worm; they are oval and white, with a few specks of black seen through the covering. About two hundred appears to be the average number laid by a healthy moth. The caterpillars hatch in about twelve days, if the temperature is moderately high.

The caterpillars I did not see, but I am told they are black on emerging from the egg, and that their lives are divided into five stages: No. 1, the interval between their birth and first change; No. 2, that between the first and second stage; No. 3, that from the third to the fourth; No. 4, from that of the fourth stage to the formation of the cocoon, which is stage No. 5.

During stage No. 1 the worm is dark at first, then yellow-coloured; in No. 2 it is about five-tenths of an inch long; in No. 3, eight-tenths long, and the colour white. "At this stage," says Lady Neville, "the worm gets covered all over with a waxy secretion, like flour; an admirable protection against the effects of rain and dew." In No. 4 stage it has grown to an inch in length, and assumed an emerald green tint, and is covered with tubercles of the same colour: the head, feet, and last segment of the body are of a golden yellow. In No. 5 stage the extremities of the tubercles become blue: when about three inches long, the worm begins its cocoon.

This is a most ingenious and beautiful contrivance, and one that struck me as being more interesting than anything I saw. The leaves are too large for the little workman's sole use, so it happens that three or four spin their cocoons on the same leaf. A natural instinct—for thus we usually designate the Divine guidance in the wonders of animated life—directs this tiny worm to provide against the fall of the leaf; so that, when wintry blasts snap its hold, and sever the dead leaf for ever from its parent stem, instead of falling, house and all, to the ground, the silken fabric swings suspended by a rope, expressly woven to meet the contingency. I may here quote from Dr. Wallace's valuable essay:—"When the groundwork, or outer envelope, has been commenced, and coarsely spun along the upper surface of the leaflet, the larva traverses the leaf-stalk towards the bough, spinning round it a silken tube six inches or more in length. Should it arrive thus at the stem of the bough, it fastens around it the end of the tube, and then returns to the groundwork, spinning as it goes back. The leaf is now drawn together by fixing strong threads obliquely from side to side; as these dry they

contract, and so curl the leaf. Then it lays another coat of a more substantial character on the envelope, and with a network of fibres fills in the intervening space.

"At this stage," Dr. Wallace states, "the silk is white, and the spinner can be easily watched at his work. Thirty-six hours of hard labour is needed to enable the worm to make his house safe from prying eyes. The silk now turns brown, and the cocoon hardens, forming a safe and secure protection to its tenant." It will be observed that the larva (*vide* illustration) is covered with tubercles; these, Dr. Wallace tells us, serve several useful purposes: first, as a protection against enemies; secondly, for secreting a waxy powder that throws off wet like the hairs do on a cabbage-leaf, but their main use is in keeping the silken threads from off the body during the operation of spinning, thus allowing the worm perfect freedom of motion.

Now, if you have borne in mind what I said about the cocoon of the mulberry-worm, the difference betwixt it and the aïlanthus will be at once apparent: at the end of every one of these cocoons is an *opening*, purposely left by the worm when spinning, for the exit of the moth. The cocoons are pale gray, very closely woven, about an inch and three-quarters long, and three-quarters of an inch broad.

The great drawback to utilizing this silk has hitherto arisen from the impossibility of winding off the filaments. As the cocoons were open at the ends, it was assumed that the thread could not be continuous; hence dealers would have nothing to do with them, except for the purpose of carding. But the French have surmounted this difficulty; and several patents are already in operation in France for reeling the aïlanthus silk from off the cocoons. Dr. Wallace kindly gave me some beautiful silk, spun from the produce of the aïlanthus silkworm, and also a piece woven into fabric. Mr. Atkinson tells us that the yarn of this silkworm, woven into a coarse kind of cloth, is so durable that it lasts the lifetime of an individual, and that the garment descends from mother to daughter. The first operation, Dr. Wallace told me, is to soak the cocoon in an alkaline solution, in order to remove the superabundant gum; then, if the cocoon is kept wet, the silk winds readily; but, if immersed in water, it fills at the hole in the end, and its weight breaks the thread.

Several specimens of silkworms seem to have been confounded together, or have generally been described as distinct species when really only climatic varieties. I can best explain this by quoting from Dr. Wallace, than whom I presume there is no better authority. He says, in a reply to a letter of Dr. Bries*—

"There are three types, *Attacus cynthia*, *A. ricini*, and *A. guerinii*. The true *cynthia* was originally figured by the younger Daubenton in 1760, was possessed by Drury in 1773, and has been cultivated for centuries in North China; hence, owing to Dr. Roxburgh's mistake, the *Eria*, or *Arrindy arria*, as it is called in Hindustan (*viz.*, *A. ricini*), has gone by the name of *Saturnia cynthia*. Hence the two types have been confounded under one name; and, as, whenever *A. cynthia* was demanded from India, *A. ricini* was invariably supplied, it was concluded that *A. cynthia* did not frequent India. However, in 1844, Captain Hutton discovered wild specimens of *A. cynthia* at Mussooree; and, thanks to him and M. Menneville, we are now thoroughly familiar with the difference between the two types, and with their intermediate hybrids. Before enumerating these differences, let me state that undoubted wild specimens of

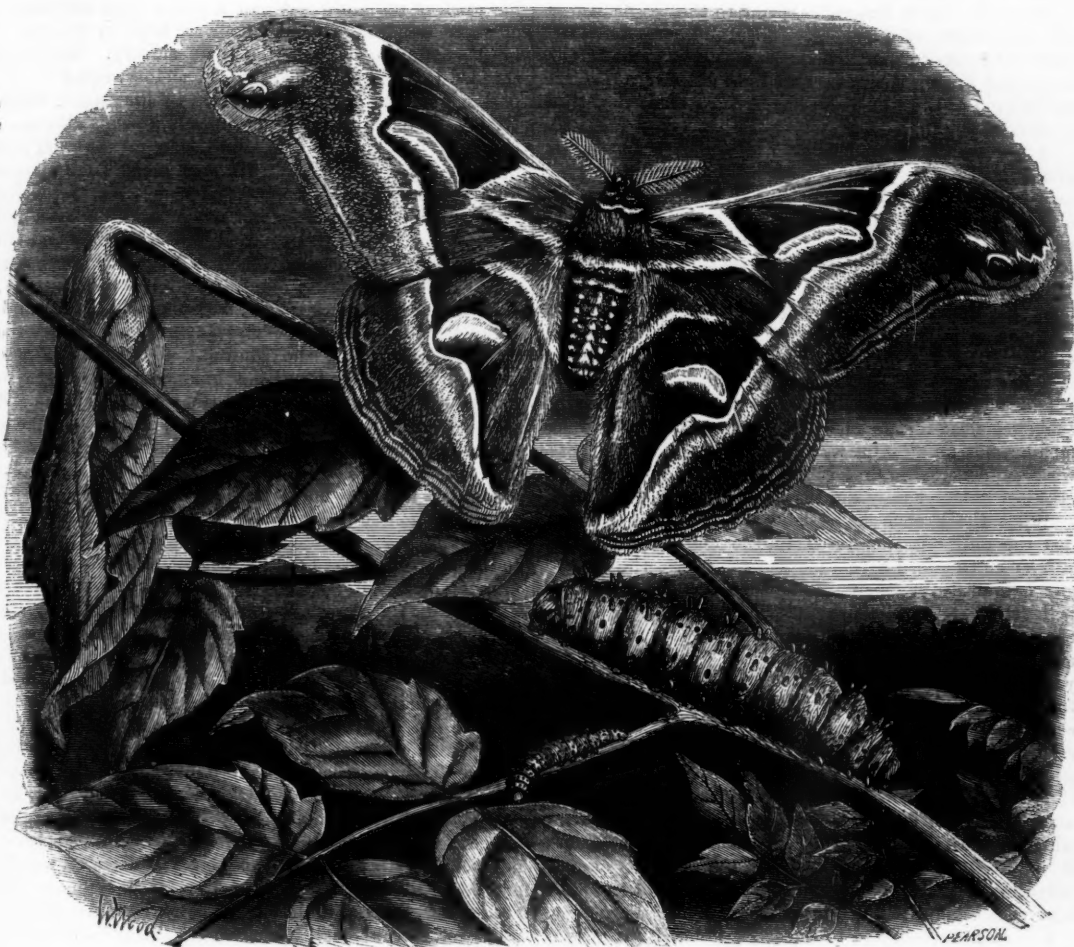
* Trans. Ent. Soc., vol. v., p. 223, foot-note.

"Field," January 29th.

A. cynthia have been obtained from Shan-Tung, a province in North China, situated to the south of Pekin; from Mussooree, in the sub-Himalayan regions, 6000 feet above the level of the sea; from Assam, Cachor (where also the type *A. ricini* is domesticated), Java

Arrindy worm, which in Bengal yields from four to seven crops annually. Figured by Drury. Specimens in the British Museum.

"*Attacus guerinii*, from Bengal, is similar to the former, but smaller, and may be distinguished by the tolcose



THE AILANTHUS SILKWORM AND PLANT.

(remarkably fine), Nepal, Darjeeling, and Thibet. Many of these specimens are very fine, and vary much in coloration and intensity of markings. At Mussooree, according to Captain Hutton, it feeds on *Cariaria Nepalensis*, and on the Tej-Bul (*Xanthoxylon hastile*). It will likewise eat the leaves of *Ricinus communis*, but does not take kindly to them. In China it feeds on the leaves of the *Ailanthus glandulosa*. In Europe it has been reared on burnet (*Poterium sanguisorba*), on salsify and scorzonera, on sumach, on laburnum, on teale, on plum, and on *Ricinus communis*; hence it is polyphagous. It may have in Europe more than one generation annually. Thus, in England, in 1865, two broods were perfected by Lady Dorothy Neville; at Paris, by M. Menneville, four generations were fulfilled. This was the result of an unusually high temperature. It has been figured by Cramer. Specimens are in the British Museum.

"*A. ricini* inhabits Assam, Cachor, Bengal, and Ceylon, feeding by preference on the *Ricinus communis*, is domesticated, and is the commonly-cultivated eria or

lunale on the fore-wing. Figured by F. Moore, in his 'Synopsis of Asiatic Silk-producing Moths.' Specimens in the British Museum.

"Let us now quote from M. Menneville the difference between *A. cynthia* and *A. ricini*. The egg of the true *cynthia* is white, but its shell is covered with little brown or black particles, which give it a spotted look; that of the eria is entirely white, is smaller, and less heavy. The caterpillar of *cynthia* has on each segment four black spots, and when full grown is of a beautiful emerald-green, with its head, its claspers, and the last segment beautifully marked with yellow; that of the eria has no spots, and is uniformly a pale azure."

Humboldt mentions a magnificent moth (*Bombyx madrono*) found in Mechoacan, a province of Mexico, at an altitude of 10,500 feet above the sea-level, and the inhabitants of Oaxaca made garments from the silk of its cocoons.

Many parts of South-western Asia, as Mingrelia, Georgia, Dagستان, and others, now in the possession of the Russians, and known as Transcaucasia, together

with the Crimea, were once grand strongholds for silk-worm culture. A Mr. Castellat had at one time immense establishments in Tiflis, Karalac, and elsewhere, for the cultivation of silk. He employed 27,000 hands, and produced in one year 1,200,000 pounds of silk, which realized 4,800,000 dollars.

Near the Black Sea shore, prior to the Crimean war, the Armenians were large growers of mulberry-trees and rearers of silk-worms. The trees were, to a great extent, destroyed during the war; and I am not aware that the cultivation of the silk-worm has revived since that time of devastation.

A few words in conclusion as to the probability of aiculture paying as a mercantile speculation. My own impression is, that it ultimately will. Two serious objections had presented themselves to me prior to visiting Colchester: first, the impracticability of winding off the silk; and, secondly, as it seemed, the impossibility of keeping the worms from their enemies in the open air unprotected. Dr. Wallace's experiment, last summer, in a great degree removed these difficulties. Out-door enemies do little or no harm, and winding the silk has also been accomplished. Birds—sparrows in particular—were observed picking aphides from off the cabbages close to the bushes on which the worms were feeding, but no attempt was made to touch them. Ants, wasps, and parasitic diptera are the most to be dreaded; still last summer they did no material harm.

What the French have done, surely Englishmen can do: the only question is as to the cost of producing silk so as to afford a remunerative profit to the grower and manufacturer when sold at the price the silk fabric will fetch. Dr. Wallace calculates that a thousand cocoons will produce one pound of raw silk, worth £1, and that one tree, the trees being planted a square yard apart, would yield fifty cocoons. After deducting for the cost of reeling and other requisite expenses, he estimates that £12 an acre may be taken as an average return for railway banks and other waste lands. Another great advantage is found in the rapid growth of aiculture-trees: if planted out two years old, they will produce a crop of leaves fit for feeding the next year; whereas the mulberry requires twenty-five years before it is fitted to supply material for a crop of worms. Aiculture silk lacks gloss, but who can say what skill may yet accomplish in the process of manufacture?

I have been tempted to exceed my usual space from the immense interest and importance of aiculture culture, more especially as bright hopes gleam through the clouds of the future. We may live to see aiculture plantations clothing all the railway banks, and the tall aiculture rearing its leafy crown high above its neighbours. Its very name means tall, or, as the Germans have it, "Götterbaum," the tree of the gods.

SARAWAK AS IT IS.

THE anniversaries of Rajah Brooke's accession to the independent sovereignty of Sarawak are now days of rejoicing among Malays, Dyaks, and Chinamen throughout his whole territory. On these days particularly, old Malay heroes delight to sit for hours, and recount the successes of their great white chieftain during the past thirty years. From them the traveller hears how the Rajah, then Mr. James Brooke, and his handful of English followers first arrived in the Sarawak waters at a peculiar crisis, when law and order were set at defiance, and strife was raging between friends and relations. After investigation, Mr. Brooke discovered that the

prince reigning in Sarawak (under the Sultan of Brunei), unable to resist the plots and attacks of his enemies, would probably be dethroned. This prince implored Mr. Brooke's assistance, which he ultimately gave, and the rebels were conquered. Taking advantage of the gratitude of the restored prince, Mr. Brooke commenced his work of philanthropy, and insisted upon the release of some hundred women, who were kept by the prince in a condition little better than slavery. This was acceded to; and thus, by a second victory, equal in importance to the one he had gained by his sword, Rajah Brooke at once attained for himself and his European followers the respect and admiration of the wild and fierce Malays of Sarawak. He was made Tuan Bursar (or the Great Lord) by the grateful prince, whose government he strengthened by his presence and advice, and who, in a few years, bequeathed him his power and the title of Rajah of Sarawak territory. English gentlemen soon arrived to assist in administering the government; and, during years of peace, the capital of Sarawak became an altered place. The Government House, the Fort, the Treasury, the Church and Mission House were built; pretty European bungalows began to be dotted here and there around the town; wharves and warehouses were constructed by the Borneo Company and Chinese merchants, a brisk trade was opened with Singapore, and some found a living from the gold-washing a hundred miles up the river.

Of the Chinese there is a large population, and a comfortable living for all of them, from the wealthiest trader to the poorest gardener or woodsman. The chief traders are men of intelligence and respectability: they have a high seat in the courts, and regulate the trade. Many of them are rich, and have got their wives over from China to superintend their pretty little bungalows and gardens, where, the business of the day being finished, you may see them at their ease, cheerful, clean, and confident. They have their Joss house, and observe their religious feasts and festivals. At some of these latter the display of food is astonishing, like some great show-day in a restaurateur's window; and they tell you that the beautiful waxy-looking flowers that deck the viands are sent over from China expressly. Their enterprise is untiring. In my journeys up rivers and unfrequented creeks, a Chinese pedlar's boat was by no means a rare occurrence, the owner having paddled her fifty or sixty miles to drive a small trade with some little colony of poor Dyaks.

Life and property being now comparatively secure, the Malays have risen from their former state of subjection and misery, building new houses and boats, and gathering in their crops in peace. The blessing of the Rajah's advent was early felt, and industrious habits made the Malays know a domestic happiness of which neither their fathers nor themselves had ever dreamt.

The Sarawak Government has two gunboats, and these, from time to time, were occupied in expeditions against the piratical tribes of Malays and Dyaks, whose raids on the coast and on the high seas were notorious. One by one these tribes were conquered, and became subjects of the Rajah; and, to achieve this result, kind reasoning, forbearance, and mercy were used in preference to the sword. In some cases force was necessary, and the last and fiercest of these tribes was brought to submission by Mr. Charles Johnson Brooke, the Tuan Mudah of Sarawak, whose name and prowess are now as much venerated and feared by them as General Napier's were amongst the Sikhs. During those times of disturbance on the coast, several of the Rajah's officers lost their lives; and during the great Chinese rebellion

in the capital (which, though successful at first, was effectually overthrown) other losses occurred, and Rajah Brooke himself narrowly escaped with his life, after being burnt out of Government House by the rebels. In later years, however, there have been no disturbances; and now the traveller may wander among the Dyak tribes, unescorted, with security.

In 1863 Queen Victoria's consul hoisted his flag in Sarawak, and his Highness Rajah Sir James Brooke was acknowledged by the English Government as independent sovereign of Sarawak.

The writer has travelled recently in nearly all the important parts of the Sarawak territory; and it has been a pleasure to observe order and a desire for trade and domestic comfort among those to whom, before, robbery and murder were sources of livelihood and satisfaction. Their country is divided into provinces. Through each province runs a fine river, on which at some point a fort is built. These forts are large, commodious Eastern buildings, capable of resisting any native attack; they are garrisoned by picked men from amongst the Malays and Dyaks; they are armed with small arms and cannon; and over each flies the Rajah's flag—a cross, half black, half red, on a yellow field. At each of these forts the gentleman lives who has charge of the province, and here he exercises his civil and military duties. The principal natives rally round him, and justice is dispensed with mingled firmness and mercy; and truly—considering the ignorance and childishness of many of the offenders—in the cases brought up for examination and decision, the exercise of the latter has been the rule of the Government, and this more particularly with regard to the Dyaks, except in glaring offences; for, quoting from a despatch of the Tuan Mudah's, "their old habits must linger and die out before they healthily embrace the new régime." Each resident, while ruling his province, makes it his pride to urge, and finally to induce, the natives to develop the wonderful resources of their country, who, on their part, astonished at the effects of labour and enterprise, aspire to rival the white man, and devote themselves to the clearing and tilling of their jungles, and to the building of houses and boats on a large scale and improved principles. Thus I knew one clever boat-builder and artisan, the Merlin of his *kompuny* (town), who completed a craft about forty tons register, an excellent copy after the model of the Government iron steamer which carries the mails and passengers between Sarawak and Singapore. The Dyaks are also learning to make some store for the future; and the aged man now plants the young tree. *It must be confessed there is yet some lurking desire for heads* among many of the Dyak tribes; and there are, no doubt, many who would be glad to go out and do battle, with the view of obtaining bunches of these trophies to hang in their houses, which they still regard with great pride.

Head-hunting among them mainly arises from their superstitions, which, indeed, constitute all their religion. The observance of mourning is one of the principal of these. On the death of a relation the mourner, if a man, arrays himself in white cotton robes; if a woman, in a dingy coloured skirt woven of dark-dyed thread, and, in place of the brass rings which adorned her arms and waist, she enrols herself in others of black rattan. The mourners neither laugh nor joke, and are considered as under a ban, experiencing a feeling, I should think, not unlike being sent to Coventry at school. From all this, supposing the mourner to have become weary of

his woo-begone attire and dismal habits, there is no release but by his *parary* (Dyak sword). He must go out on a foray unaided and alone, must slay a man, and, cutting off his head, return that trophy to his tribe: this is exhibited, and the days of mourning for the head taken and his relation are over. This is a custom which falls before the Rajah's law: indeed, it is likely that the Dyak dandies will introduce a reform; for heads they may not take, and white cotton habiliments are not much admired by themselves or their womenkind. I am sorry I have not space to enlarge upon the present domestic condition of the Dyaks, or their prospects for the future. I refer the reader to a book recently published by Mr. C. J. Brooke, called "Ten Years in Sarawak," a most interesting and accurate history.

Though there are no "amusements" in Sarawak, in the popular sense of the word, yet to all who have visited its lovely rivers and country retreats life has been found to possess great charms. The European society is very small, and counts but few ladies; the latter, however, make up for many by their kindness to all around them. Books are plentiful; there are riding and shooting, the interchange of dinner parties, and other festive meetings; and these pleasures are greatly assisted by the fact that everybody's interests are centred in the place.

The chief characteristics of the Sarawak country are vast forests of tropical trees, which offer much valuable timber, rolling plains of long, green, succulent grasses, and broad, deep rivers. The mountains are grand, precipitous, and clothed with verdure to their summits. There is abundance of moisture and heat; rapid vegetation is the consequence, rich in colour, as varied in elegance, and fantastic in shape. Creepers, the convolvulus major, and plants of that class, grow, I have heard, three quarters of an inch in a day.

A good trade is carried on between Sarawak and Singapore in sago, gutta-percha, camphor, rice, and birds' nests. The Borneo Company have lately been exporting valuable timber to England, which is named, in Malay, *bilian*; a very hard wood of a pretty dark colour, and said to be impervious for hundreds of years, both to the attacks of insects and rottenness from damp. In proof of this, piles of bilian wood have been found in a river on the site of an ancient Malay settlement, bearing inscriptions in writing of Malay characters used some hundreds of years ago. Though for centuries these posts had lain soaking in the mud on the river's banks, their angles were as sharp as if only squared yesterday. The rice is mostly raised by the Dyak tribes, who wander from farm to farm, with each successive season clearing away the jungle, and ever using virgin soil for their new crops. Cocoa-nuts grow plentifully near the sea, and the jungles and gardens possess tropical fruit of every description in abundance. The sportsman may find deer and pigs in some parts, and no want of game up the country.

Before concluding this paper, I must say a few words about the Sarawak Malay. He is a pleasant, sociable fellow, profoundly polite, and very delicate. He can work hard enough if necessary, but prefers a quiet retired life, among the bananas and cocoa-nut trees surrounding the home of his wives and children, with a wholesome veneration for the edicts of the Koran, and an unfailing attachment for his cigar. He is romantic generally, and possesses a great power of narrative; and I have heard many a time some sweet thrilling or mournful air rising from his home. The Malays do not perform upon pretty instruments, drums and gongs being the chief elements of a musical entertainment, with an occasional violin villainously played; but even from these they produce often so pleasing a

* The Dyaks cut-off their enemies' heads, and, bringing them home, cure them with smoke, and retain them as trophies of their personal prowess.

cadence that one is tempted to give them an encore. I dare say the reader does not think this latter to be a wished-for contingency; but, nevertheless, it must be some satisfaction to him to know that his countrymen have much that affords them contentment and happiness in their homes in remote Sarawak.

BOY-LIFE IN GERMANY.

In a former paper (No. 744) I stated my personal observations on the education of the middle-classes in Germany, directing my remarks chiefly to the every-day life of girls in the Rhenish provinces of Prussia. I did not then exclude the male sex from any malicious motive, but rather because I knew them to be of sufficient importance to claim a separate paper for themselves.

I have given a description of the peculiar appearance of German babies, owing to their being treated like mummies, by having several yards of stuff wound round their bodies; and, as this treatment is common to infants of both sexes, it need not be again described.

What is the reason of a boy-baby being held everywhere in greater estimation than a girl? In Germany, he is petted from the very first, and crammed with *brei* (flour and milk made into pap) often to such an extent that his eyes and nose seem almost buried between his cheeks. This accomplished, both mamma and nurse pronounce him "a magnificent boy," and he is then carried about in triumph by the latter on a large square feather pillow. The cover of this is trimmed with beautiful lace, and coloured ribbons for strings on two opposite sides. The latter being tied together, the little fellow lies inside like a silkworm in a cocoon, and calmly surveys the arrangements which are being made for the increase of his size. These consist in alternately boiling flour-milk and broth, besides feeding him at short intervals with bread-and-butter and cakes, until the time arrives for his learning to walk. It will then be found that, owing to his being so very fat, he cannot be put on his legs with safety, except while being held in leading-strings. The latter are either made of leather, or else of silk lined with some strong material, and consist of a rather wide waistband attached to some braces, the straps of which are held by the nurse.

In order to guard the little fellow against accidents from falling, his legs being so insecure, he has a *fallhut* (hat for falling) put on, which article resembles in shape an enormous round iron saucepan without handle. It is made of velvet, which, being padded very thickly, is stretched over a form of pasteboard, so that it bulges out all round, and, on whichever side the wearer falls, this kind of hard turban saves his head from injury.

Very young boys in Germany have a ludicrous appearance, their costume being a miniature copy of their papa's, with the exception of the coat, for which a tight-fitting boddice, with buttons all round, is substituted. As they grow older they are dressed in a short tunic and trousers made of cloth, in which they look very well. They are sent to school at a very early age, where discipline is maintained by a cane. This is used very generally in the schools, and even by the clergyman who instructs them in religion. At home, the discipline is also in general very severe.

A natural result of this rough treatment is, that the boy's spirit gets soon broken, if he has any; but, more properly speaking, it is kept down from the first. German boys are exceedingly tame and thoughtful, in consequence of the strict discipline exercised over them; and, at an age when English boys think of nothing but

play and mischief after school hours, the former will sit on a door-step or on the ground, conjugating French or even Latin verbs, for mere amusement. In this, as in other matters, what I say is in general the rule; the reader understands that there are exceptions.

Education in Prussia is compulsory for children from seven to fourteen, and the law is severe in enforcing attendance at school. Of course this is only necessary among the lower classes, who, if left to themselves, might consider education a luxury to be dispensed with, while they would make their children useful at home. Prussian parents are, however, not allowed to judge for themselves in these matters. Their paternal government settles this question for them; and, as the people know it is done for their own good, they are very docile. Moreover, at the schools for the lower classes, a list of the pupils' names is kept, against which a mark is made every time they absent themselves. It being the schoolmaster's duty to show this list to the visiting clergyman, the latter, supposing that the children's neglect of school may be traced to their parents' indifference, has authority to inflict a fine.

At the elementary schools all children are taught alike religion, reading, writing, arithmetic, and singing—the latter generally by one of the organists of the churches, who are paid by the municipality. The cultivation of music among the lower classes in Germany seems to have a softening influence over them. Working men, instead of resorting to the public-house as a means of recreation after their day's labour, may be seen sitting on a bench outside their lodging-house, singing songs, frequently to the accompaniment of a guitar.

The tailors in particular are distinguished for their love of music and for their sobriety. They form a rather large body among themselves, on account of the strange custom prevalent in Germany, not only in smaller towns, but even at Berlin, of employing men for the manufacture of ladies' dresses. They are called *Damen-schneider* (ladies'-tailors), and call on their customers to take their measure as is done here for a riding-habit. The masters do all the cutting out themselves, and also superintend the trimming of the dresses, leaving the mere plain sewing only to the workwomen. Tailors are considered fit subjects for derision everywhere; and an old German song says—

"Siebzehn Schneider gehen auf ein Pfund,
Und wenn sie das nicht wiegen, so sind sie nicht gesund."

"Seventeen tailors go to a pound,
And, if they do not weigh as much, be sure they are not sound."

Artisans in Germany, and especially in Prussia, are a superior class of men, owing to the regulation which prescribes their travelling and working under different masters for several years. At the end of their term, those who wish to settle in their native town, or elsewhere, come provided with testimonials from their late masters, which are submitted to inspection at the municipality, and if found satisfactory, their license to work as masters themselves is handed to them.

This custom of travelling accounts for the many quaint-looking young men one so frequently meets in London, with knapsacks on their backs, staring in the greatest surprise at every lamp-post—the towns in Germany, until very recently, being lighted just sufficiently to "make darkness visible." Though gas has been in use for many years in most of the towns in Prussia, the civic powers are very careful with it, considering it quite sufficient for all purposes to have one solitary lamp at the end of a street. It appears inconsistent to me that the police, who so carefully exclude unripe gooseberries from the market in Germany, lest they may

disagree with people, should show such total indifference to the safety of their necks. No wonder, then, that the young artisans, many of whom have probably never been farther than a few miles from their native towns, should be quite dazzled, on first coming to London, by the brilliancy of its illumination. These young men, who travel through the whole of Germany, Switzerland, France, and sometimes Italy, on foot, stop at any place where they wish to obtain work, and those that are poor do not scruple to beg their way; the object of their journey being perfectly understood, everybody is willing to assist them with victuals and money. While they improve in their trade by working under different masters, they also acquire the language of the country where they serve their apprenticeship. It is, therefore, quite a common occurrence in Germany to meet with tailors, shoemakers, and other artisans, who not only speak two or three languages, but who, in addition to these, have the most polished manners.

As a specimen of these travelling artisans who come to England for employment, I may cite Müller, who by his dreadful crime brought disgrace on his order. It is incomprehensible to the English public that the whole German nation should have been interested in the fate of a poor tailor, to such an extent that even crowned heads tried to intercede for him. The fact is, that the class of artisans to which Müller belonged is considered in Germany so perfectly irreproachable and harmless, that even now people abroad have not yet recovered from their surprise at the news of his having been hanged. Long after, they continued to hold meetings to discuss the possibility of his having been punished innocently, because, according to German notions, he had been tried and punished too hastily. Justice in Prussia is not only blind, but lame too, apparently, its course being so terribly slow. Rather than judge any one hastily, they keep the accused sometimes for years in prison, without trying to find out either his guilt or innocence. During the late king's reign, I heard of two individuals having been imprisoned, one for eleven, the other for thirteen years, on the accusation of an informer, who reported their remarks on politics, expressed with too much freedom.

The present king, though a very kind-hearted man, is more prompt in punishing or rewarding people according to their deserts. The punishment is, however, never very severe, great crimes being rare occurrences in Prussia, which is probably owing in some measure to the compulsory education of the lower classes. The children, who are obliged to attend school during a certain number of years; receive a thoroughly good education during that time, after which they, as a rule, are apprenticed to a trade.

Boys of the second class, after having attended at least one good school, where geography, history, and drawing are added to their former elementary instruction, are sent about twelve or thirteen, according to their capacity, to the Gymnasium.

These Gymnasias, which are under government, have resident teachers, called professors by courtesy, for every branch of knowledge, besides accommodation for some of the pupils who live there under supervision. They being preparatory schools for the university, the pupils are instructed in the higher branches of education, such as mathematics, ancient and modern languages, gymnastics, and singing: the latter by an accomplished musician. The pupils have to pass through seven classes, beginning with septima, then sexta, quinta, and so on up to prima, when they are ready for the university.

Protestants and Catholics enjoying equal rights in Prussia, the different universities, as a matter of course, are open to both persuasions, and even to Jews. The latter are, however, excluded from any of the learned professions, except the medical, which they practise not only among their co-religionists, but also among the Christians.

The instruction at the German universities is chiefly oral, or by lectures, and comprises, besides theology, medicine, metaphysics, philology, philosophy, jurisprudence, economical and political science, rural economy, music, and a host of other things. There are no endowed colleges in connection with the university, no resident tutors, who superintend the morals and industry of the students.

The professors deliver their lectures and go their ways; the students, who live in lodgings, anywhere they please, doing the same, either to pass their spare time in rioting and drinking, or to study assiduously by themselves, which is called, in their own particular slang, *ochsen* (to ox). German universities bear no resemblance whatever to similar institutions in England, where the students are dressed in the sober academical gown. Instead of this, German students wear their common clothes, except as regards head-covering, for which they consider nothing fantastic enough. Consequently they wear the most conspicuous-looking smoking-caps in the street, either scarlet, green, blue, or any colour, embroidered in gold or braid, with or without tassels, according to the wearer's taste. I am told, however, that these caps are the badges of the different orders, or *burschenschaften*, and that by them the wearer may be identified as belonging to either Germania, Borussia, or Westphalia.

If there be a contrast in dress between the English and German students, there is a still greater one in their conduct. Instead of the decorous walk of the collegians in England, the students in Prussia are at times rushing about the streets in high cavalry-boots and spurs, while they are shouting and yelling like wild Indians. This is always observable on the days when they have a "commerce," or drinking-bout, at one of the neighbouring villages, to which place they generally proceed on "hacks," which bear more resemblance to unicorns than to horses.* However, the truth must be told that these high-spirited young men do not belong to those who come to the university to study for a profession, and for whom the verb *ochsen* (to study until you are stupid) has been invented. They are amateurs as far as study is concerned. Belonging to the aristocracy, they are sent to the university because it is thought every gentleman ought to go there for a time. Therefore it is quite a common remark in Germany, that "a young man will be all the steadier now, because he has been a terribly wild fellow at the university."

Having lived for some years at a well-known university town, I am able to explain that the "terrible wildness" consists in yelling, shouting, singing, smoking, and drinking; the latter being accompanied by an immense deal of noisy demonstration. In fact, the conduct of these young men is that of unruly school-boys, who, having been kept for a long time under the strictest surveillance and discipline, have been suddenly set free, and are determined to make the best or the worst of their liberty.

However, as there must be a limit to everything, the "pedell," or university beadle, sometimes makes his appearance on the scene, when the rioters disappear in all

* This is partly owing to their short and stumpy bodies, and also to their peculiarly ugly head, the ears projecting like horns.

directions, though they may be in the midst of their favourite song, "Ubi bene ibi patria."

In the event of there having been committed any great breach against discipline, it is the "pedell's" duty to arrest the culprit. Should the charge against him be a very grave one—such as duelling, for instance—he may, as a favour, receive the *consilium abeundi*, as it is called, instead of being forcibly expelled from the university; the latter punishment being regarded as prejudicial to his success in after-life.

Their term at the university having expired, the young men return home, when the mammas, by way of celebrating the joyful event, manufacture plum-tarts of immense size. These tarts are great favourites with all classes, and at the sight of "Pflaumen kuchen" the fiercest demagogue changes into a lamb. Papa eats plum-tart too, but with a certain reservation, his mind being preoccupied by divers steps he is meditating in order to secure for his son an appointment under government, and, as a natural consequence, a title.

To live in Prussia without a title, and to fancy yourself respected, is simply ridiculous. Everybody has got a short title, such as "hofrath," "doktor," or "notar." He, however, who is lucky enough to be called "Herr Oberappellationsrath," "Herr Kammerpräsident," or "Herr Domäneninspector," is a happy man; and his wife, who shares his greatness, often gets the title of "Mrs. Chiefoficial of Appeal," "Mrs. Chamber President," or "Mrs. Inspector of Royal Demesnes," and, as a matter of course, she carries her head high.

Young men in Germany, of the second class, after the termination of their university studies, have several careers open to them—either working in government offices, entering any of the learned professions, or going into the army at once.

It may not be generally known that in Prussia every healthy man—whether noble or peasant—must serve for a certain number of years as a common soldier; but, though the term appointed be three years, those who are able to pass a not very rigorous examination may get off at the end of one year. Besides this service, young men are liable to being called out again on any urgent occasion. No favour is shown to any one, royalty alone being excepted. For the rest, all the hundreds of counts and princes, who, as a right in Germany, inherit their fathers' titles, must begin by being common soldiers; but, if they choose the army for a profession by remaining in it as "volunteers," they wear uniforms made of finer cloth, and get advanced by "seniority," as no steps can be bought.

Many gentlemen who object to carrying the musket find the time which they devoted to the cultivation of their musical talents not thrown away, a very little practice on any brass instrument enabling them to join the band. This exempts them for a time from the very fatiguing duties of a common soldier, of which no one in England can have the least idea. In winter the soldiers exercise in their own barrack-ground; but in summer, when on the Rhine is almost tropical, they have to march daily (with a few exceptions) to some large plain six or eight miles off, carrying a heavy knapsack, cartridge-pocket, and gun. There they exercise all day under a broiling-hot sun, with nothing to sustain them except what the canteen-women supply, a colourless liquid like gin, but made from potatoes, and said to be very injurious to the constitution. In the evening these poor fellows have to drag themselves home, though no longer in marching-order, where they arrive with blistered feet and thoroughly exhausted. Most of the young soldiers belonging to the better classes live with

their friends, and on their return from exercising, after the necessary refreshment, retire to rest, in order to be ready again the next day for the same work.

It stands to reason that these men, who are the whole year round in harness, have neither time nor inclination to enter into "conspiracy and rebellion." All they think of is, how to obtain sufficient rest for their overworked bodies. Those who by age or otherwise are exempt from military service, are as a rule in the pay of government, there being but little scope for private enterprise in Prussia, a few classes excepted. These causes may, in some measure, explain the comparative apathy which Germans in general display with regard to politics.

It may be said with truth that Prussia is a military nation, as men in uniforms are to be met with at every step. The most striking sight to a stranger, however, is to see a beautiful carriage "and pair" dashing along the street, with a "jäger" (dressed in green uniform, and hat with a long plume of white feathers) standing outside on the footboard, and a common soldier, probably a prince or count, sitting inside. The cause of so many uniforms being seen, even in towns where no soldiers are quartered, is that, in Prussia, every available appointment is given to retired military men, as an acknowledgment of their past services. The officers get employment in government offices, and are also frequently appointed in some of the country places as "receivers of taxes." To this office high salaries are attached, and the employment is fit for gentlemen, they themselves having nothing to do, and having several people to help them. The subordinates, who are the real collectors, are also retired soldiers; so are the postmen, the keepers and overseers of the public walks (there being no parks in Germany), the custom-house officers, toll-house keepers, prison officials, and last, but not least, the police. These latter retain their uniforms and swords, which give them a martial appearance, though both are only intended for ornament. These policemen are generally retired sergeants or corporals, and their duties are multifarious. To begin with, they have to inspect and give passes to artisans and travelling beggars, and have to examine all written testimonials which servants receive from their mistresses. The former, on leaving their places, are obliged to deposit immediately with the police a book containing testimonials to character from every lady where they have lived. This book is detained until the servant obtains a new engagement, when she calls for it in order to show it to her new mistress, who keeps it until the servant leaves: by this means the police have a strict supervision over all the servants in the town. The inspection of markets by the police I have already referred to, and a more important duty still is the collection of taxes. As these are collected in many parts of Prussia once in every month, the policeman invariably makes his appearance in every family, putting on his gentlest manners for the occasion, as the German ladies consider it their province to look after these concerns.

Young men in Germany, though not so experienced in manly exercises as the English, are nevertheless very accomplished. They excel in music—many, also, in painting and poetry. They are seldom sportsmen, but are good shots with the rifle, in which they have great practice, though not at long ranges.

German gentlemen are also expert in skating, swimming, gymnastics, and fencing. It is to be regretted that the knowledge of the latter should be frequently turned to a bad purpose among foolish young men, who

consider it manly to swell every silly quarrel into an "affair of honour," as they call it. Owing to this ridiculous notion, I have known two ensigns actually calling each other out, and fighting about a *crooked commissariat loaf*, which one of them surreptitiously exchanged for the other's straight one. Both champions belonged to aristocratic families, and, being little more than boys, they were exceedingly proud of the scratches they made in each other's faces. At present, I believe, duelling is forbidden in Prussia.

Except military men, who ride with the long stirrups, one sees very few equestrians in Germany. Private gentlemen are remarkably deficient in this exercise. Nor do they like to see ladies ride, saying that it is an idle practice, which makes them neglect their household duties. Like the Spaniards, who say that "a woman who knows Latin neither marries nor comes to any good end," German gentlemen of the second class, having a horror of women that go on horseback, say they would not think of choosing one of them for a wife. Riding is considered in Germany an *unfeminine* pastime, in which even the rich—with very few exceptions—do not indulge. Moreover, a lady on horseback in Germany is a very different object from a lady on horseback in England, where the horses are so beautiful. Unless she rides an English horse, she is anything but a pretty sight in the former place, where the horses, with their thick clumsy joints, look as if they had four *hind-legs*. Like the rest of my countrywomen, I understand little about them; but I have heard it stated that they are badly groomed, badly trained, and deficient in mettle.

German gentlemen, though so liberal with bows and flourishes, have not the same consideration for the fair sex that Englishmen have, and think it quite reconcilable with good breeding to ask a lady, without any circumlocution, "How old are you?" and one of their countrywomen considers herself highly complimented by the remark that *she is well preserved for her age*. It is customary for men in Germany, and particularly in the Rhenish provinces, to spend their evenings at their club. Of course there are exceptional days, one of them being the last day of the old year, when Paterfamilias sits in his dressing-gown, slippers, and night-cap with tassel, at the head of the table, surrounded by his young family. To this evening they have been looking forward during the whole past year, because on this particular evening papa stays at home on purpose to play with them at *loto*, fox and geese, and dominoes. Moreover, he has brought home a pocketful of sugar-plums, with which he rewards the fortunate winners; but the greatest treat of all is, that they are allowed to sit up until midnight to welcome in the new year. Mamma, who knows how to amuse them, has been busy all day making cakes, to eat which would be rather dry work, but that they are put on the table accompanied by a large bowl of punch. When the children are tired of playing, and begin to feel sleepy, mamma tells them such beautiful fairy tales that they get quite lively again. They feel so interested in one particular tale, that she is asked to repeat it over ever so many times, until they all know it by heart. Then, the clock striking twelve, they all wish each other a happy new year. There are many more evenings when papa stays at home for musical parties; but as he does not on these occasions wear his tasselled nightcap, and as the children are put to bed early, they do not rejoice at his presence as they do on New Year's eve.

The clubs in Germany are very unassuming in appearance, and cannot be compared to any building in London bearing the same name. There being degrees

even in simplicity, it is not surprising to hear the one which the notabilities of the town frequent generally called very handsome. Reading is said to be the chief attractions of these clubs, though the men amuse themselves there also by playing at cards, billiards, and, at some "young men's clubs," even at dominoes and skittles. However, they all take in the German, French, and some English papers.

The remark is frequently made that the English and Germans are much alike; and, considering our common origin, this is but a natural consequence; still there are differences which, I believe, are to be attributed more to circumstances than to disposition. In England, where government appointments are only open to a select few, a man has to trust entirely to his own exertions, according to which he will either sink or swim. This forced self-reliance, though it may be at times disheartening, strengthens the character and makes it manly. In my country, where every well-educated man may secure government employment, a certain salary for many years, and a pension in old age, this fighting the hard battle of life, as is done here, is quite unknown. At first sight this contrasts very favourably with the precariousness of living in England, though, on the other hand, the very facility of living in a country where all common necessities are cheap, and the paternal care which provides for all requirements crippling men's energies, are a bar to all ambition of rising by self-exertion. The absence of real cares enables German men to admit poetry into their every-day life, which gives them a tinge of romance foreign to Englishmen. By a residence in England this is soon superseded by more practical notions; but in their own country, where they are at liberty to dream away their spare time, it surrounds them with an atmosphere of their own, keeping them quite ignorant of the world's ways.

This is particularly applicable to the race of *savans* in Germany, whose learning is so abstruse, and whose manners, as a rule, are so pedantic, as to make them unfit for general society. Looking with the greatest contempt on the literature of the present day, they shut themselves up in their studies with that of a past generation, whose language alone they understand. In exchange for a heap of science, they barter their common sense, retaining only their primitive simplicity. It is said of the learned Niebuhr, that, when sitting one day in the midst of his books, a stranger was announced who came to borrow a sum of money of him, which proof of confidence so affected the professor that he literally shed tears of joy on account of it. Another very learned man, at the end of an official despatch to the minister of his department, sent his respects to the latter's wife.

Business-like habits are almost exclusively confined to the mercantile classes, and to the trades in Germany, the others having such romantic notions about integrity and honour as to scorn the very idea of either taking or giving a receipt for money transactions among their equals. Not only is this mistaken chivalry the cause of a good deal of confusion, but, what is far worse, by encouraging dishonesty, it brings misery on many a family, which a little common sense might have prevented. The simple German falls an easy victim to those human vultures which abound in every country, and which are ever ready to pounce upon the unwary. The strangest fact, however, is this, that, whether it happens on the shores of the Atlantic or on those of Great Britain, the result is always the same—viz., that he finds himself completely cleared out by one of his own countrymen.

Varieties.

"**FAR-OFF VISION.**"—The paper of Mr. Trood, in No. 762 (which had before appeared in "The Reader"), is, in many respects, a very curious one, though I cannot subscribe to all the opinions contained in it. Dark clouds appearing low down near the horizon may indicate distant land, and can be explained by some of the fundamental rules of meteorological science. It is generally considered that the atmospheric air immediately over small populous islands, situated at some distance from any other land, is of a higher degree of temperature than that over the surrounding water. The effect of this is that, when the warm air on the surface of the island comes in contact with the colder air above, a condensation of the aqueous vapour contained in the warm air will take place, and cloud will be formed; and it is very possible that this cloud, in calm weather, would be of the same general form as the island, and would be visible at sea long before any land was in sight.

With regard to vessels being visible at a distance of 180 miles, I cannot see the possibility of such a phenomenon. The angle subtended by a ship, or by the reflection of a ship in the clouds, would, at that distance, be absolutely nothing; therefore nothing could be seen. I fancy that the imagination of the writer, coupled with some happy coincidences of arrival, has somewhat deceived him.

I was very much struck, during a visit to Cornwall in 1863, by several instances of far-off vision, showing distinctly that the eye, by constant practice, can distinguish certain objects at great distances. At Portreath, a small commercial port on the north coast of that county, it is the custom of the officials to watch for the approach of vessels, chiefly colliers from the Welsh coast. Now these men could perceive a ship in the horizon several hours before people with ordinary sight; but that is not all: they could, in nine cases out of ten, announce her name, and frequently the place to which she was bound. On several occasions while I remained there the arrival of the announced ship proved the accuracy of the men's acuteness of vision.—EDWIN DUNKIN, *Royal Observatory*.

COWPER AND COOPER.—TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LEISURE HOUR."—Sir,—I have been very much interested in Mr. Bull's papers about William Cowper, in "The Sunday at Home" for June. Let me notice a mistake, however, in an incidental matter, the discussion of which may be more suitable to the columns of "The Leisure Hour." Mr. Bull says that the arms of Shaftesbury and Cowper have been exchanged, and that Shaftesbury now has the "cows." 1. The "cows" are *bulls*, not only in the shield, but in the crest and supporters; and these are not the bearings of Shaftesbury or of Cowper, but of *Ashley*. The Earl of Shaftesbury quarters the arms of the two families *Ashley* and *Cooper* (not Cowper). The *bulls*, as I said, belong to *Ashley*, and the *lions* to *Cooper*. 2. The name *Cowper* has nothing to do with *cows*. It is from an old verb to *coup*, with the termination *er* usual in such cases. The signification is simply that of *trader*. It probably comes from the north, or it would have been Chapman, and nothing else.

B. H. COWPER.

*** We append the passage referred to by Mr. B. H. Cowper, and have since obtained from Mr. Bull the accompanying facsimile of the seal used by William Cowper.



"At the commencement of the book containing the autograph letters of Mr. Cowper to my grandfather, the Rev. W. Bull, a seal taken from one of these letters has been inserted; and underneath my father has written the following statement:—

"The above seal was taken from one of the following letters. By a singular accident the two noble families of Shaftesbury and Cowper changed their arms; the Shaftesbury family having three cows, and the Cowper family three hoops on their escutcheon. This fact was once mentioned by the poet to his friend the Rev. W. Bull, from whom I heard it; and it is a curious circumstance that in pronouncing his own name Mr. Cowper always adhered to the arms and not to the spelling, calling himself Cooper, and not Cowper!—THOMAS PALMER BULL. This pronunciation is still common in Olney and its neighbourhood, and I believe is adopted at the present time by the different branches of the poet's family. It is a curious confirmation of the fact that, in Mr. Newton's early letters to Mr. Cowper at Huntingdon, he directs to him as Cooper, and not Cowper, evidently misled in the spelling by the way in which he had heard the name pronounced."

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.—The following is the address of the Prince of Wales, on laying the foundation-stone of the new house of the British and Foreign Bible Society, at Blackfriars, on the 11th of June, in the presence of the Archbishop of York, the Lord Mayor, Lord Shaftesbury, President of the Society, and a large assembly of the friends of the institution:—"My Lord Archbishop, my Lords, and Gentlemen,—I have to thank you for the very interesting address in which you so ably set forth the objects of this noble institution. It is now sixty-three years since Mr. Wilberforce, the father of the eminent prelate who now occupies so prominent a place in the Church of England, met with a few friends, by candle-light, in a small room in a dingy counting-house, and resolved upon the establishment of the Bible Society. Contrast with this obscure beginning the scene of this day, which, not only in England and in our Colonies, but in the United States of America, and in every nation in Europe, will awaken the keenest interest. Such a reward of perseverance is always a gratifying spectacle, much more so when the work which it commemorates is one in which all Christians can take part, and when the object is that of enabling every man in his own tongue to read the wonderful works of God. I have a hereditary claim to be here upon this occasion. My grandfather, the Duke of Kent, as you have reminded me, warmly advocated the claims of this society; and it is gratifying to me to reflect that the two modern versions of the Scriptures more widely circulated than any others—the German and English—were both in their origin connected with my family. The translation of Martin Luther was executed under the protection of the Elector of Saxony, the collateral ancestor of my lamented father; while that of William Tyndall, the foundation of the present authorized English version, was introduced with the sanction of the Royal predecessor of my mother, the Queen, who first desired that the Bible 'should have free course through all Christendom, but especially in his own realm.' It is my hope and trust that, under the Divine guidance, the wider diffusion and a deeper study of the Scriptures will, in this as in every age, be at once the surest guarantee of the progress and liberty of mankind, and the means of multiplying in the purest form the consolations of our holy religion."

RAILWAY BLUNDERS.—Had the money spent in local mistakes and vain private litigation on the railroads of England been laid out instead, under proper Government restraint, on really useful railroad work, and had no absurd expense been incurred in ornamenting stations, we might already have had what ultimately it will be found we must have—quadruple rails, two for passengers and two for traffic, on every great line; and we might have been carried in swift safety, and watched and warded by well-paid pointsmen, for half the present fares.—Mr. Ruskin.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S CORRESPONDENCE.—Grave suspicion is thrown on the authenticity of the collection of letters of Marie Antoinette published last year in Paris. The German critics affirm them to be forgeries. They were sold to a Lorraine nobleman, Count Vogt von Hunolstein, for upwards of £3000, by M. Feuillel de Conches, Imperial Master of the Ceremonies at Vienna. M. Feuillel, it is stated, has for many years been allowed to take historical manuscripts from the Imperial Library to his residence. These were frequently observed to be returned with the leaves of blank paper abstracted. In forged manuscripts the mere writing is more easily contrived than the texture and condition of the paper.